

The diver dies without air to breathe. The consumptive dies without lungs to breathe the air, or of lungs rendered incapable of breathing by disease. The blood as it flows in and out of the lungs indicates the consumptive's progress. As the lungs grow weaker less oxygen is inhaled and the blood changes from scarlet to purple. Oxygen is the life of the blood as the blood is the life of the body.

The effect of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery upon weak lungs is to strengthen them; to enable the full oxygenation of the blood, arrest the progress of disease, and heal the inflamed tissues. Lung diseases have been and are being cured by "Golden Medical Discovery," in cases where deep-seated cough, frequent hemorrhage, emaciation, weakness, and night sweats have all pointed to a fatal termination by consumption.

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DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

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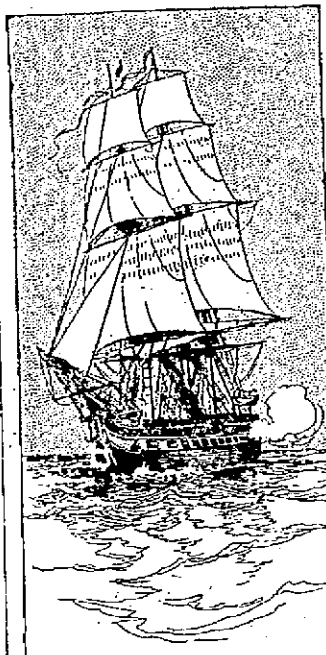
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Wooden Ships DIED HARD

(Copyright, 1902, by G. L. Kilmer.)

FIGHTING on the water in 1862 was opened by so called iron-clads, but not until the battle of the Monitor, March 9, was plate armor put to the proof. The naval authorities and congress grudgingly and with half heartedness toward the close of 1861 ordered the construction of plated vessels, but it is a fact that the ironclads Chancellorsville, St. Louis, Pittsburg and Louisville, which helped to win the victories at Fort Henry, Donelson and Island No. 10 in February and April, 1862, were built from the private funds of Captain J. B. Eads, the contractor, and were actually his personal property when they battled for the control of the Mississippi river and valley.

In their first battles the Eads gunboats fought against land batteries, and at Donelson the entire fleet was driven from the field by the superior power of the guns ashore. The first seven gunboats afloat had been constructed within two months. The armor was only two and a half inches thick, and were actually his personal property when they battled for the control of the Mississippi river and valley. In general appearance these gunboats resembled the famous Merrimac which the Confederates built from the hull of the old war frigate of that name. Like the Merrimac, the Eads ironclads had sloping sides and ends. They were flat bottomed and propelled by a central paddle wheel. They carried thirteen heavy guns, eight of them in broadside



A GREAT WARSHIP FORTY YEARS AGO. United States frigate Congress, destroyed by incendiary shells March 8, 1862, and five on bow and stern. The bow and the sides covering the machinery were plated, and the rest of the ship was vulnerable.

The Eads gunboats were constructed for inland waters. The Monitor, which was launched at New York in March, was the first seagoing ironclad of the war. She usually proved unseaworthy. The Merrimac never put to open sea. So the main weapon for sea fighting on a grand scale which the Federal government had to depend upon in 1862 for opening up the James and Mississippi rivers was the old type of wooden frigate and sloop. Several of the wooden ships were propelled by steam, but there were so many points of contact for the opposing navies that the United States, which retained control of nearly all of them, hadn't enough steamers to compose a decent fleet. A sailing ship, the ill fated Cumberland, was the first vessel to meet the ram Merrimac. The frigate Congress, a mammoth warship of the old line and the consort of the Cumberland when the Merrimac attacked the fleet, was also a sailer.

It was almost solely with the hope of sinking the Merrimac and thus preserving the wooden ships for the heavy purposes of naval warfare that the Federal government adopted Ericsson's plans and let him build the Monitor.

For that date the wooden ships had given a good account of themselves. They had fought land batteries at Roanoke and Port Royal in the fall of 1861 with better execution than the Eads ironclads in the west. Not one of them was put out of the fight by the enemy's shots, and after the Port Royal battle the Confederates abandoned all their exposed forts on the seacoast. Farragut went to the Gulf to attack New Orleans with a fleet which consisted wholly of wooden ships, but even these were not all steamers nor all built for warfare. Not only that, but Confederates had on the lower Mississippi two ironclad ships, the Louisiana, constructed very much upon the plan of the Merrimac, and the Eads gunboats—that is, with square upper works and sloping sides—and the ponderous ram Manassas.

The Louisiana was begun in the fall of 1861 and just completed when Farragut reached the Gulf. She was plated around her gun chambers with railroad rails. The Manassas when on the water looked like the back of a whale but for her smokestack. Her rounded top and sides were heavily plated to send the shot glancing off. She carried but one gun, being intended for ramming with either of her sharp ends.

Condensed News From Home.

Here is an item from last week's issue of the Cork Weekly. John writes to Mary:

Dear Mary. We are all very well; only mother has hysterics, Tim has the toothache, and Jane has a baby. I hope you are the same. Your affectionate brother, JOHN.

—London Outlook.

A Fortieth Anniversary

War Story

ARMORED GUN-BOATS

February and March, 1862

She was worked by a powerful propeller, and the engine could eject steam and scalding water over her on the surface to repel boarders. This vessel was the most terrible of Farragut's antagonists when he attacked the New Orleans forts in April, 1862, and she, like the Eads gunboats, owed her existence solely to private enterprise. She had been built under the law for privateering, but after she had cleared the Federal ships out of the mouth of the Mississippi the Confederate government bought her to aid in the defense of the forts.

As a matter of fact, taking it all in all, the honors were even with the opposing ironclads when it came to maneuvering and fighting. The Eads ships were light in the water, but their armor was of no more account against heavy missiles than a turtle's shell against buckshot. The Confederate ships could turn any shot in the Federal navy, but they were as clumsy as Noah's ark. The little Monitor could turn the enemy's shots and was so constructed that she dodged around the foe like a pygmy around a giant, but when forced to encounter heavy seas she went to the bottom.

Even when building the iron plated ships of war the projectors were slow to give up the notion that stout timbers were the main thing for the hulls of a fighting ship. The bow or fighting end of the Eads gunboat was made of solid oak twenty-four inches thick, covered with the thin iron plating. The thin iron shield sometimes proved a drawback. While a shell or a solid ball would often pierce the stoutest timbers that could be put into a ship's sides, it would only hit the objects directly in the line of its flight, but a shot obstructed by the plating would tear through the wood backing of the plate and hurl great splinters around the decks, disabling numbers of the fighting crew.

It was natural in the situation in the early stages of the war that the Confederates should pin their faith upon iron armor and the north cling to the wooden ships. The south was on the defensive and risked everything upon the situation of its harbors and coasts. Even at Charleston in the Fort Sumter days the Confederates had iron batteries. The Merrimac and Louisiana were monster floating batteries, the Manassas a monster battering ram. The news of the building of these war vessels was received by northern sailors with smiles of contempt. They expected to outlast them and thus to outmaneuver and outfight them. This prejudice was not overcome all through the war, and there was experience to back it up.

Within a few years before the war the United States government had strengthened the navy by the addition of eighteen steam war sloops and frigates which had no superiors on the ocean. They were wooden, of course, but were moved by screw propellers so constructed that all the machinery was below the water line. All of them made splendid records during the war with the exception of the Merrimac, which was burned at Norfolk and raised and converted by the Confederates into the ram. Farragut had the Brooklyn and then the Hartford in his battles for the flag, and the Richmond was also in his fleet of fighters. Besides these three, the Niagara, Colorado, Walash, Pensacola, Pawnee, Mobile, Iroquois, Wyoming and Seminole were crack ships of the best fleets during the hottest sea fights.

Swift sailing was a necessity for the northern navy at the outset, and her captains never lost sight of the fact, hence kept their faith in the wooden ship propelled by steam. It was well they did, because the labor and delay of creating ironclads made it impossible to have an armored fleet during the war. The first task was to establish a blockade along thousands of miles of seacoast and to have ships which could chase blockade runners and fight them on sight. The next problem was to maneuver and fight in front of fortifications. While guns and resisting power would be a good thing once a ship was within range of a fort, yet the ability to get in or away quickly when necessary was just as much to be desired. The Eads ironclads barely saved themselves by backing rapidly out from the fire at Donelson.

Although the Federal wooden ships went down before the southern ironclads in every fair fight, the northern ship commanders never dedged the order. Following the example set by the Merrimac early in 1862, the Confederate ram Arkansas in 1863 and the Albemarle in 1864 dashed into the wooden ships of the enemy and sent them to the bottom. But there were more wooden hulls left to keep up the fight, and scores of brave captains risked destruction rather than lower the flag before any craft afloat. Even when the missiles of the wooden ships rolled from the iron armor of the rams the gallant captains attempted to ride down their antagonists with their superior velocity. At Mobile bay, in 1864, Farragut tried to drive his wooden flagship upon the low decks of the ironclad Tennessee and carry her to the bottom. The wooden ships were doomed the moment iron armor became the fashion, but they died hard. The names Hartford, Brooklyn and Kearsarge, last of the line, stand only second to the oak ribbed warriors of 1812, the Constitution, Chesapeake and Lawrence.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

"Where is your 'big gun'?" asked the powdered matron who had come late to military ball.

"He went away a little while ago in a disappearing carriage," explained the master of ceremonies.—Chicago Tribune.

"They claim to be connected with some of the best families."

"By a telephone?"—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

THE SPUR OF FATE.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

They turned at once into a darker street and from that into another and then into a third until Darrell had lost even his notion of the points of the compass.

"I can go no farther," gasped the girl at last, and she leaned upon Darrell almost fainting.

"You run well," said he, "and your endurance is remarkably considering the disadvantage of a woman's attire. Would it be an impertinence for me to inquire where we are going?"

"I don't know," she said. "It was merely to get away."

"Do you think this is far enough?" he asked after a brief pause. "Because if it isn't, you know, I can call a cab. I think we might find one at the end of this street."

The girl seemed to consider.

"It might be the safest thing to do," she said. "I must have time to think, and I owe you an explanation."

"Tell me as much or as little as you please," said Darrell. "You owe me nothing; but, on the contrary, I am indebted to you for a very pleasant adventure. By the way, if you will accept my card—I am John Darrell, an American visiting Paris and quite at home in the city, which makes it the more surprising that at this moment I have only a vague idea where we are. But when we come out upon a better street!"

His utterance was checked by his interest in his companion's conduct.

She seemed to be indulging in some sort of strange and violent exercise under her cloak.

"If I could only be rid of this!" she cried at last between her clenched teeth, and suddenly she thrust out her right hand.

Darrell was amazed to perceive that there was a handcuff upon her wrist, from which the other iron swung by a chain.

"You will think me a criminal, I suppose," said she, "but—"

"On the contrary," said he, "I perceive you to be the victim of a crime. There was, then, some one in the carriage with you?"

"Yes."

"And you were being taken away against your will?"

"I was."

"The matter grows clear," said Darrell. "May I ask what became of the abductor, the man who was in the cab with you?"

"He sprang out when you stopped the horses," she replied. "He supposed—and so did I—that it was an attempt at rescue by my friends."

Darrell was engaged in testing the size of the handcuff with reference to the very pretty hand which it restrained. It was a white hand, a warm hand, altogether a most delightful hand to hold in one's own in the light of two bright brown eyes. Darrell was obliged to squeeze it as he had never squeezed a woman's hand before, for surely it had never fallen to his lot to find one in such an embarrassing predicament.

"Your friends?" said he, pressing the hand into the smallest possible compass and glancing at the eyes to see how much pain he was causing. "I will take you to them."

"No," she replied; "I must not go near them. I cannot bring them into peril. Oh, really that hurts, my friend; but don't stop, if there's a chance of freeing me, I can bear it."

"Pull!" said Darrell, his face contorted as if it were he that bore the pain. "Gently, with caution. It is not to be scared, this hand so white. Free, by jingo!" The last words in English, for one's native tongue is best in moments of congratulation.

"Free, and no great harm done, thank the Lord!"

"I speak no English or only a very little," she said. "But I understood what you said. Yes, I am free, thanks to you, as free as I am ever likely to be. And my hand is not torn, though my wrists are, but not by you."

She exhibited the evidences of cruel usage, and Darrell's face blazed with wrath.

"If I had known this!" he began. "But that is like boasting. We will wait until I have found the men who did it. Why was it done? I cannot understand how any one could have thought it necessary."

"The man whom you encountered did it," she replied. "I was captured in a narrow and dark street as I was leaving the house of some friends of mine. The man who seized me thrust a gag into my mouth, but one can always make a little noise, so he put these upon my wrists and twisted them to torture me into silence as he led me to the carriage. The other, whom I found inside the vehicle, was much more merciful. He did not torture me. Indeed he removed the gag and silenced me only by putting his hand over my mouth. I put my word, I think the fellow was a gentleman, more or less."

"Much less, I should say," replied Darrell. "And now what shall we do? We can't wait here, you know. Shall I get the cab?"

"One word," she said, laying her hand upon his arm. "What do you think of me?"

"I will tell you frankly," he replied. "In the first place let me say that I am quite sure I know the man whom I threw down from the box of that carriage. I did not immediately recognize him, for I had no clear view of his face, yet unless I am greatly mistaken he was a Russian officer, one who held the title of captain, but had not the title of a military man; probably a secret agent of the government. Then this capture was in the nature of an arrest, one of those quiet affairs that are outside the law of the land. It follows, then, my friend, that you are a nihilist."

"I swear to you that I am not!" she said, with impressive earnestness. "I am a friend of liberty, but no friend of assassination. Of course there are many nihilists who could say the same—the vast majority, in fact—but I am not one of them. I know not of what I may be suspected!"

"And I," said Darrell, "care not. You are in trouble, and I am going to help you. I am on your side, my child. Do you understand? Whatever you desire shall be accomplished if it

is within my power capacity."

"I would not lead you into danger," she replied. "You have saved me from utter destruction, and I should make a poor return."

"If there is one thing that I despise more than another in a man," said Darrell, "it is prudence. Thank heaven, it was left out of me entirely. Let us find a cab."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Pointer for the Hobo.

"You see, it was this way," said the hobo as he put his inch of pipe into his pocket and coughed the fog out of his throat. "I left Pittsburg on the bumpers of a freight train. I'd gone twenty miles when a brakeman spies me out and says:

"'Hobo, are you a prayin' man?' " "Nothin' to brag of," says I. "But you can remember the Lord's Prayer?"

"Of night on a pitch, but what's the use?"

"Oh, nothin', except that we shall have a head on collision in about five seconds, and you'd better scour up your conscience ag'in the crash."

"And with that we crashed into her and I went sailin'. How high I went or how hard I came down I don't know, but I had both legs broken and all my ribs cracked. The brakeman was killed. I'm sorry to say that who'll give you all the chances of gold to heaven and take none himself."

The Earmarks of Poetry.

"I don't see much poetry in this," he said.

"Don't you?" she exclaimed. "Why, just see. There is 'methinks' and here is 'mayhap,' and let's see—where is that now? Oh yes, here it is—'haply'—why, it's one of the poetical little things I ever saw?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Sugar Valentine.

"The valentine of the Ways and Means Committed to the American people seems to be about as follows:

The beet is red,
Cuba is blue,
Sugar is sweet
For revenue.

Pushing the Perambulator.

Mrs. Haskins. I saw your husband today in a bicycle suit. I didn't think you'd let him ride.

Mrs. Strongminded. My dear, that was not a bicycle suit, although it might properly be called a "wheeling suit." You see, I want him to be appropriately garbed when he takes baby for an airing.—Philadelphia Press.

Extraordinary Precaution.

Mrs. Witherby. You made an awful fuss getting up stairs last night.

Witherby. That's strange. I never used so much care in my life.—Detroit Free Press.

It was a long ride through a desolate and dangerous country, and the politician sought to relieve the monotony by philosophic musings on his recent victory and embarrassments that even success brings. "Hold up your hands!" The stage coach gave a lurch and stopped. The ray of light that shot into the vehicle turned the spattering rain into myriads of evanescent gems.

"What do you want?" asked the politician with a firmness that showed that he had faced danger before. "Your money." "Here it is." "Your watch and diamond ring." "They are yours."

"I must say you are good-natured, anyhow," said one of the highwaymen. "Not at all. Are you sure that's all you desire?" "What did you think we wanted?" "We are afraid"—and the politician's voice trembled a little. "You wanted an office."—Philadelphia North American.

"A Lutheran minister in a western Maryland town told me an amusing story the other day," said a gentleman to a reporter. "Some time ago as this minister was walking along a street of the town an old German advanced toward him with extended hand. The minister shook hands, but remarked that he could not recall his name. 'Oh, yes,' said the old German, 'you remember me! I am the man who gave you a pig when you married me.'"

"The minister smiled as he recalled the incident, and as he was about to ask about the wife the old German said: 'Now I tell you what I'll do. When you married me, I gave you a pig, so I'll give you two pigs if you now marry me.'"—Baltimore Sun.

Mrs. Newlywed. Oh, mother, John said this morning I was one woman in a hundred.

Her Mother. I see in that no cause for tears.

Mrs. Newlywed. But mother, he used to say I was one woman in a thousand.—Life.

"You admire your grandfather very much, don't you, my little man?"

"Yes," answered the youth.

"You think he could do things that no one else could, don't you?"

"I know he could. He used to punish father whenever he felt like it."

"I would rather be right than be president," said the statesman.

"Well," said the friend, "it's a little paradoxical, but I suppose it's proper. You say in substance that for the sake of being right you are willing to be left."—Washington Star.

Northern Colored Man. But you ought to be a lawyer or doctor or something high. Isn't there some way in which you can rise above the cornfield?

Southern Colored Man. Yes, sah; dah's many ways. Dah might be a hurricane, or dis mule might lift me wid his heels.—Philadelphia Record.

Wife. Are you sure you caught this fish?

Mr. Gayfello. Of course.

Wife. It smells very strong.

Mr. Gayfello. Strong? I should say it was. It nearly pulled me overboard.—New York Weekly.

"A correspondent wants to know if 'fits are hereditary,'" says a country paper; and the editor replies, "Any small boy compelled to wear out his father's old clothes could tell him that they are not."—Christian Register.

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